

Susanna Perkins

June 20<sup>th</sup> 1786

MS  
s.  
304



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13



Susanna Perkins

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Bridgewater

1804

S. Susanna Howard



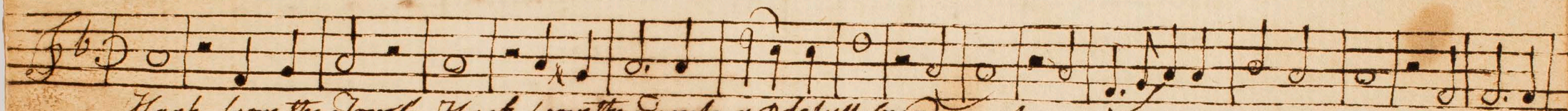
Wm. Perkins

Barnstable Ct.

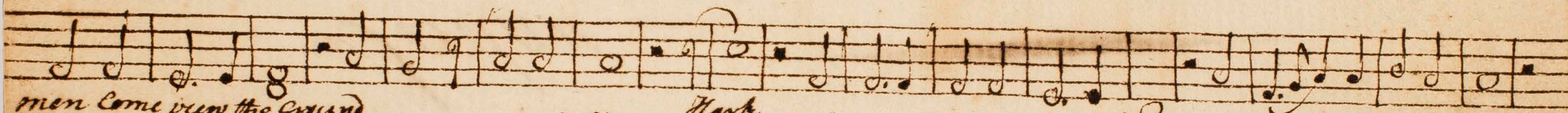
Nov 1864



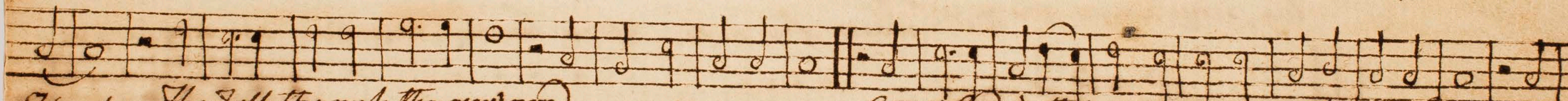
# Anthem to Funeral Thought



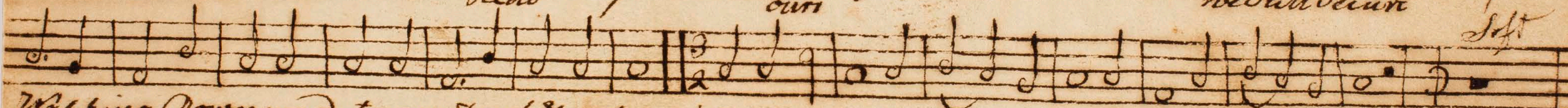
Hark from the Tombs Hark from the Tombs a Deafening Sound Hark mine Ears attend the Cry ye living



men Come view the ground where you must shortly - lie Hark Princes this Clay must be your Bed In Spite of all your Powers



Hark The Tall the wise the reverend Head must lie as low as ours Great God is this our certain doom and are still



Walking Downward to our Tomb & yet / Grant us the Power of Quickning Grace to fit  
 to prepare no more our Souls to fly





That when we drop this Dying Flesh we'll rise above  
Sky we'll rise above the Sky

## Jordan



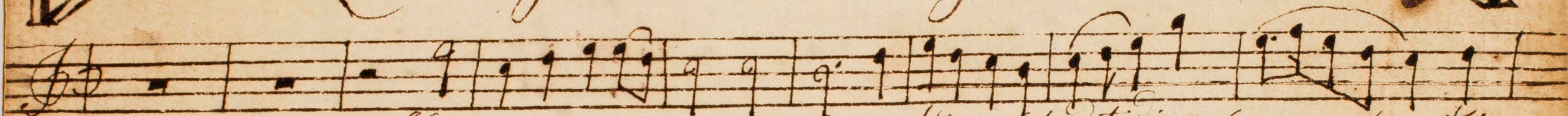
There is a land of pure delight  
S. where saints immortal ring  
infinite day excludes the night  
and pleasure banish pain



Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood } so to the Jews old Canaan  
stand dress'd in living green } while Jordan rolls between



# Christmas Hymn



Hark Hark what news the Angels bring Glad tidings of a new born King a



new born King Born of a Maid - a Virgin pure born without sin from guilt  
secure born without sin from guilt secure



# Eagle Street

D. D. D. D.



Join all y<sup>e</sup> glorious Names of Wisdom Love & Power That ever Mortals knew that Angels  
ever bore: All are too mean to speak his Worth Too mean to set My Saviour forth



# Penbury



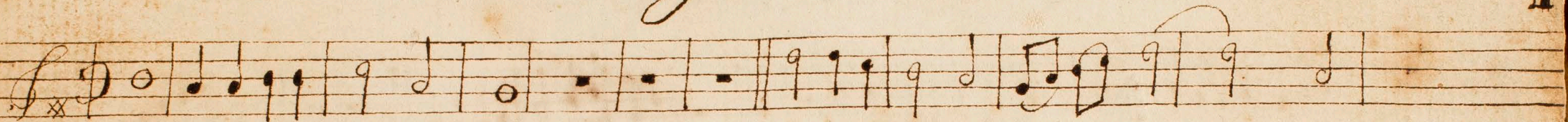
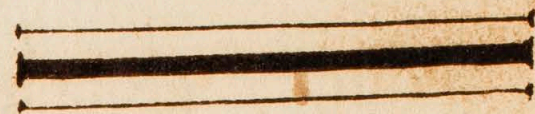
Salvation Oh the joy ——— full Sound His Pleasure to our Ears



A sovereign Balm for every Wound for ev — my Wound A Cordial for our Fears



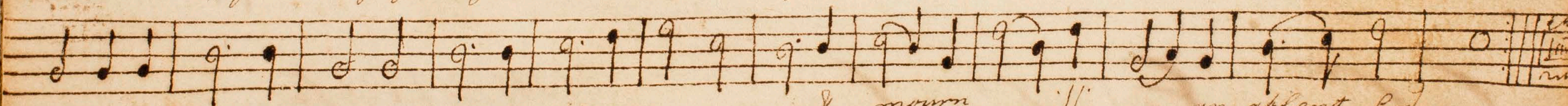
The 15<sup>th</sup> Psalm



Andover



My passions fly to seek their king & send their groans abroad



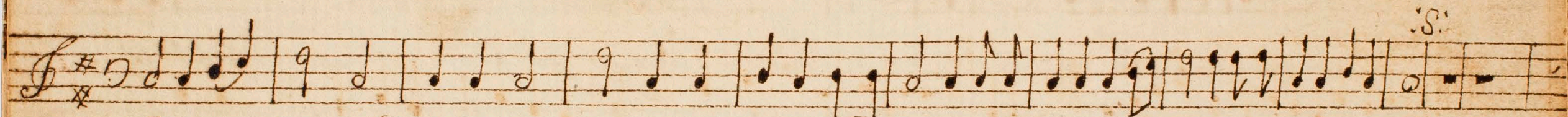
& mourn

an absent God

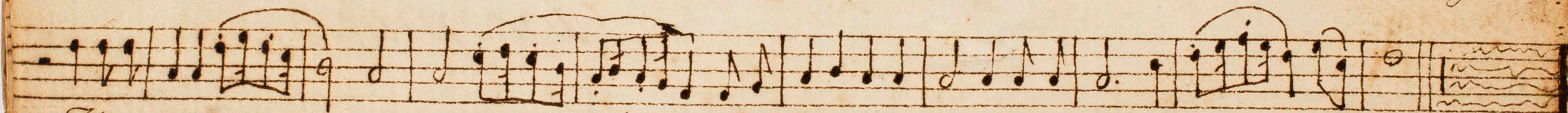
they beat of air with heavy wing & mourn an absent God



# Invitation



Come my beloved haste away Cut short y<sup>e</sup> hours of thy delay fly like a youthfule hart or roe over y<sup>e</sup> hills where  
Spices grow



Fly like a youthfull hart or roe O---ver y<sup>e</sup> hills &c Over the hills where Spices grow

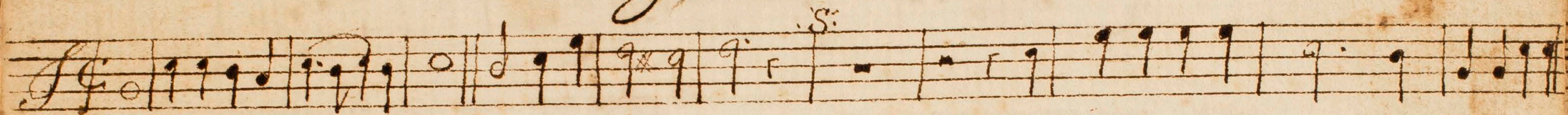
Norwich



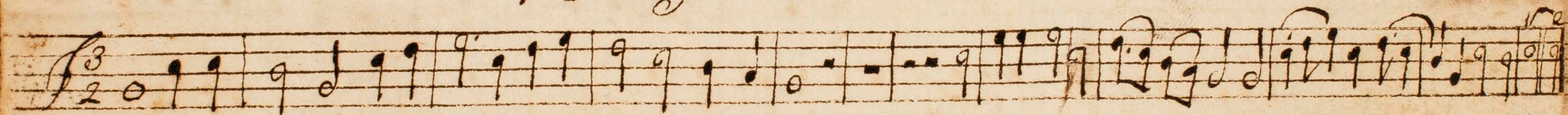


# Palm 34

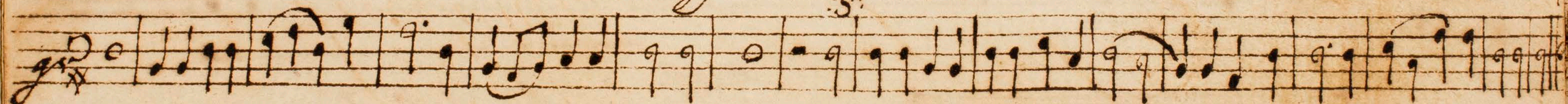
S: S: S: S:



## Bridgewater



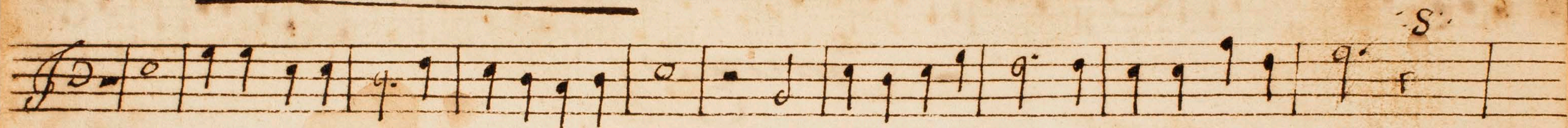
## Virginia



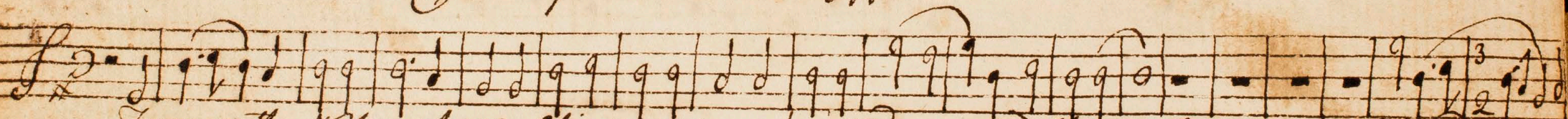
words at option



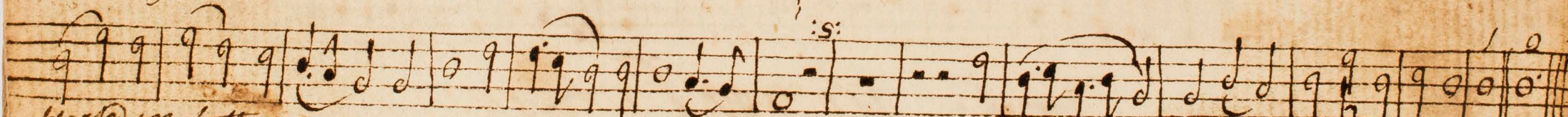
# Lenox



# Complaint



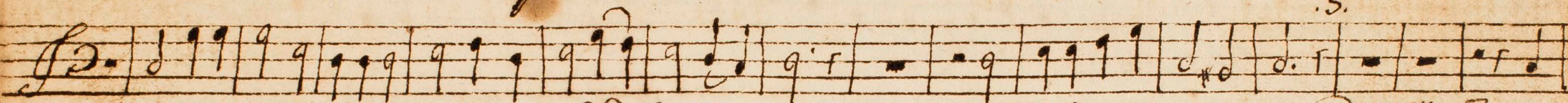
I was in the vale where opiers grow  
by murmuring streams we told our woes  
and mingled all our cares  
Thine shepherd



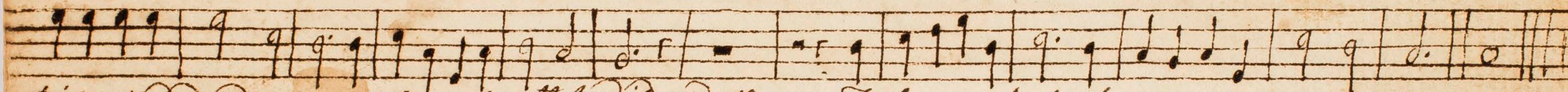
pleased in both our eyes  
in both the weeping Dews arise  
and Drop & Drop & Drop alternate  
Tears



# Stratford O.D.M.

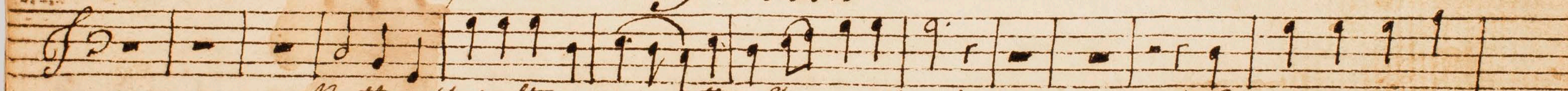


Morn morn ye Saints who once did se  
morn morn ye Saints who once did se Our Saviour dear nailed to the Tree  
a-



Bitter he did endure - A Bitter Death he did endure - To save the souls of men  
Death To save the the souls of men Secure

# Calvary O.D.M.



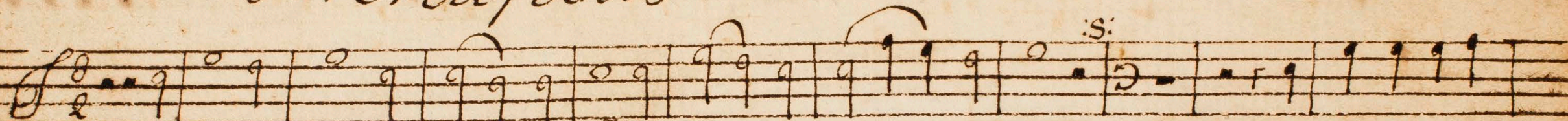
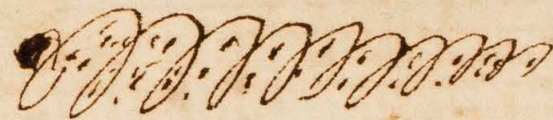
My thro' that often mount the Skies go search the  
World Beneath - Where Nature all in



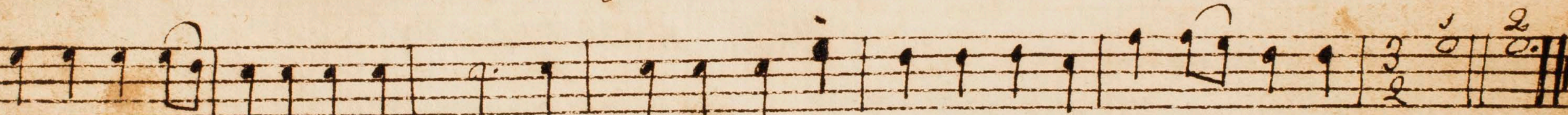
ruin lies & owns & owns & owns - her Sovereign Death



# Annapolis

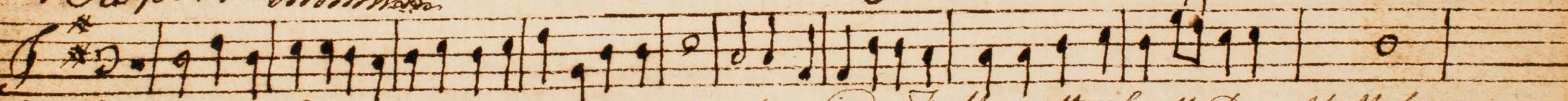


Awake ye Saints to Praise your King  
your sweetest Passions raise  
your pious pleasure



while you sing increasing with the praise  
your Pious pleasure <sup>here</sup> while you sing increasing with the praise  
the

Verpoort



Let me the joys of Earth away, and ye tortures of the mind -  
False as the smooth Deceitfull sea  
and empty and the Whistling Wine



Your Streams were floating me along, Down to the gulf of Black Despair;  
And while I listened to your Song, your Stream had e'en convey'd me there



Naples

Williammsburgh



Shall the vile race of flesh and blood contend  
with our creator God

Shall mortal worms presume to be more holy  
wise or just than he

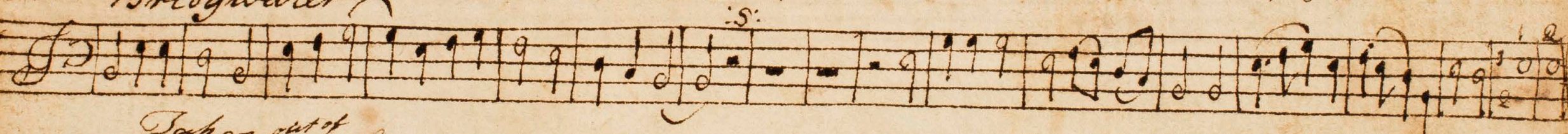


O ye holy souls in God rejoice Your makers praise becomes your voice; Great is your  
theme your songs be new



his word his ways His works of nature and of grace How wise and ho-ly just and true!

Bridgewater



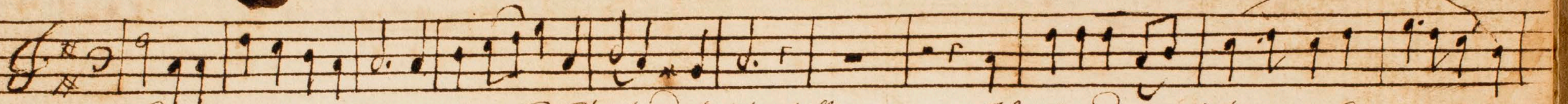
Taken out of  
the

the Worcester Collection



# Forty Six Psalm. L.M.

By Chandler



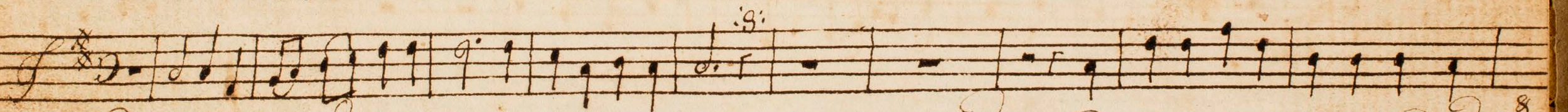
The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind: The Lord supports the  
sinking Mind

He sends the labring Con- science



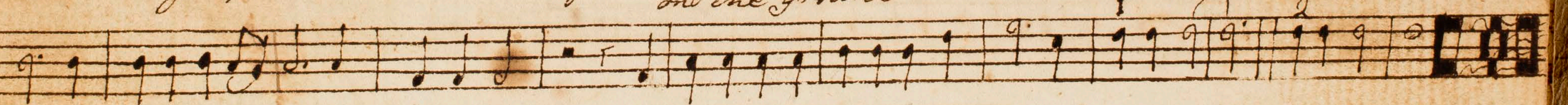
Peace He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless  
and grants the pious sweet re-lease

Sherburn



While shepherds watch their flocks, by night all seated  
on the ground

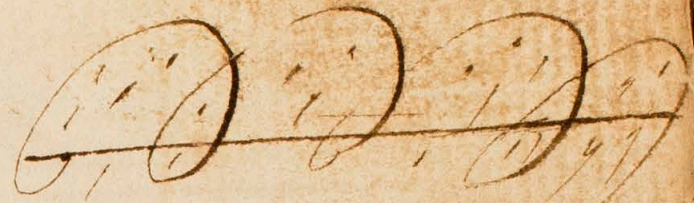
The angel of the Lord came<sup>down</sup>



glory shone around  
And glory shone around) The angel &c



# Anthem



Lift up your Heads O ye Gates ye Gates and be ye lift up your



everlasting Doors and the King of Glo ry Shall come in and the King of Glo ry Shall come



in shall come in and the King of Glo ry shall come in




it is the Lord Strong the Lord strong and Mighty Mighty in Bat tele




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and Tri ————— al of the Sword



For he hath Founded it up on the Seas and prepar



ed it up on the Floods Hal le lu yah Hal le



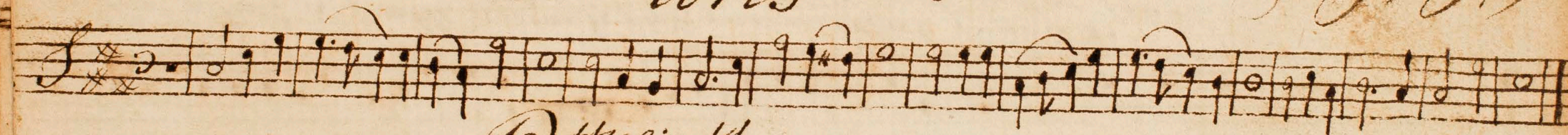
lu yah Hal le lu yah A men A men A men A men A men



# Laria



# Laris



# Pittsfield



My Soul lies humble in the  
 dust And owns thy dreadful  
 Sentence just

Look down O Lord with pitying eye And save the  
 condemn'd to die <sup>soul</sup> ~~earn~~ &c



# Vindicteth Psalm

See  
End



Lord what a feeble piece Is this our mortal frame Is  
this our mortal frame

Our life how



poor a trifle tis That scarce deserves the name  
That scarce deserves the name

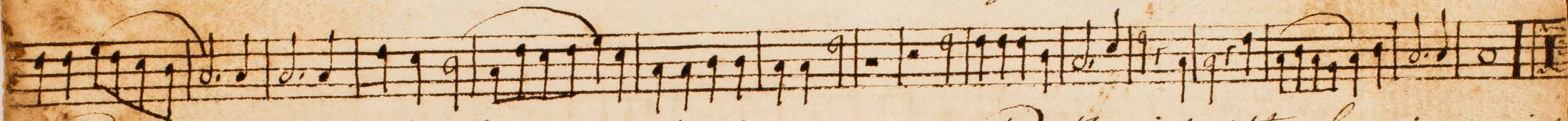
Royalston



The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains His head with awful  
glory crown'd



Begin



rays in robes of light Begirt with sovereign might Begirt with sovereign might  
Begirt with sovereign might And rays And rays of majesty

# Charlestown



When God revealed his gracious name And changed  
my mournful state My rapture seemed a



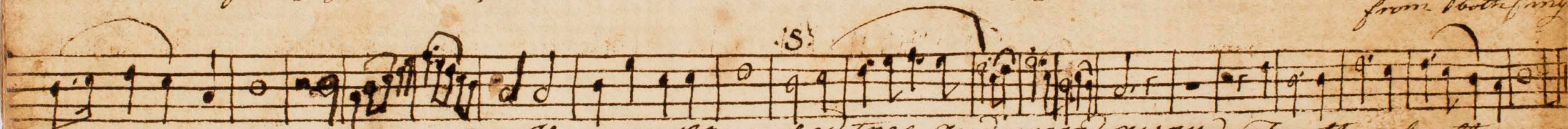
pleasing dream The grace appeared so great  
The grace appeared so great



Walpole



Oh if my soul was form'd for we flow would I vent my sighs Repentance should like  
rivers flow from both my



streaming eyes

Hang on the cursed tree and groan away For thee for thee my  
a dying life soul for thee

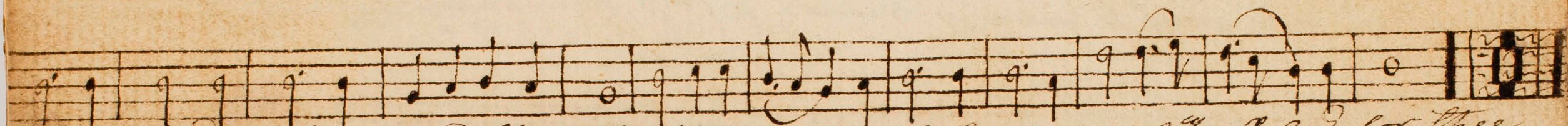
Pepperell



As pants the hart for cooling Streams When heated  
in the chace

So longs my





Soul O God for thee And thy refreshing grace So long as my life O God for thee  
And thy refreshing grace

# Greenfield



God is our refuge in distress A present help when dangers press In him  
undaunted we'll confide



Tho earth were from here centre lost And mountains in the ocean  
lost Torn &c.



# Georgia



Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne

Ten thousand &c.

Ten &c.



But all their joys But &c.

# Litchfield



In

I was from thy hand my God I came A work of such a curious frame



ne thy fearful wonders shew And each proclaim thy Skill Divine And each  
proclaim thy Skill Divine



# Hadley



That awful Day will surely come Th<sup>hour make haste</sup> appointed When I must stand  
- for my judge And pass the solemn test When I must stand before my judge &c.





# Solitude



view the tottering

Oft have I sat in secret sighs To feel my flesh decay Then growd a low with frighten'd eyes To  
 Then growd a low with frighten'd eyes Then growd a low with frighten'd eyes To view the tottering  
 clay

# Lancaster



Majestick God our muse inspire And fill us with seraphick fire Augment our  
 swell our tunes refine Performances ours the glory  
 shine



S:

Augment our swells our tones <sup>re fine</sup> Augment our swells Must our swells our tones refine Perform <sup>our the</sup>

glo-ry glo-ry glo-ry thine &c the glory thine. S:

# Stafford

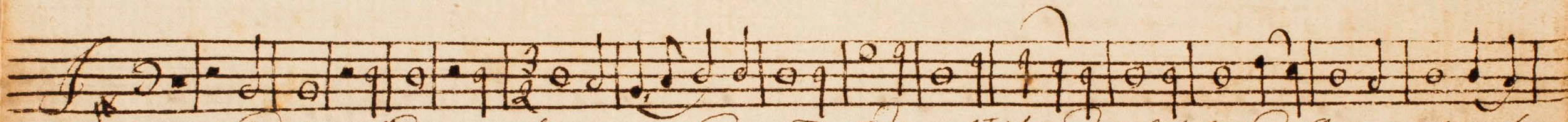
S:

See what a living  
~~St~~ Stone the Builders did refuse

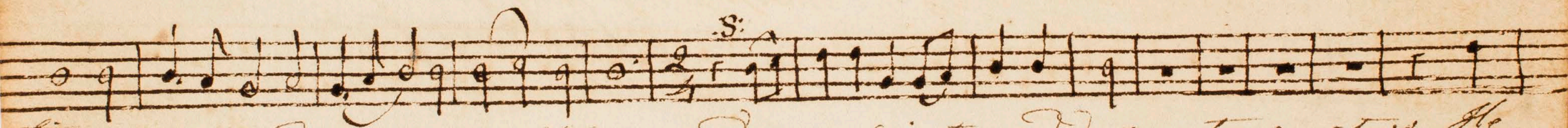
Yet had &c In &c



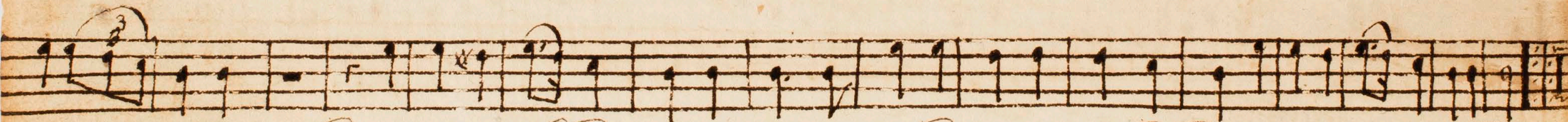
# Berlin



He dies! He dies! the heavenly Lover dies! The tidings strike a solemn sound On my poor heart  
Strike deep he




lies in the cold caverns of the ground Come faints and drop a tear or two He



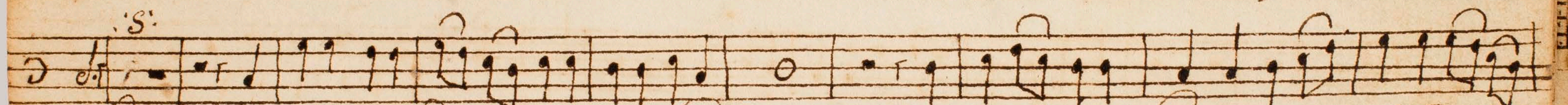
He shed a thousand A thousand drops of richer blood A thousand drops A thousand drops  
A thousand drops of richer blood




# Frammingham



Shall wisdom cry aloud And not her voice be heard The voice of Gods eternal  
Son Deserves it no re-



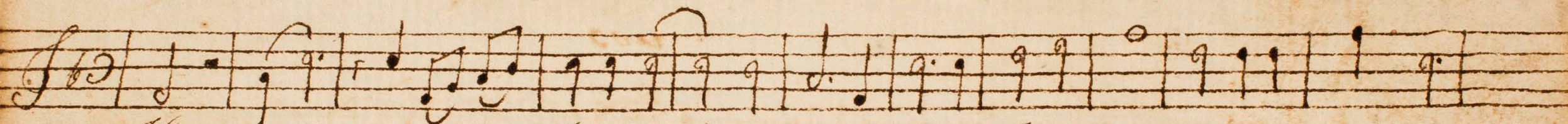
gard The voice of god eternal Son Deserves it no re gard The voice of Gods eternal Son Deserves  
it no re



gard The voice of Gods eternal Son Deserves it no regard



# Deaths Alarm



No no prepare to go with me For I am sent to summon  
thee See my commission



Seal'd with blood Who sent it he will / The life of man is but a span  
make it good Whose glories

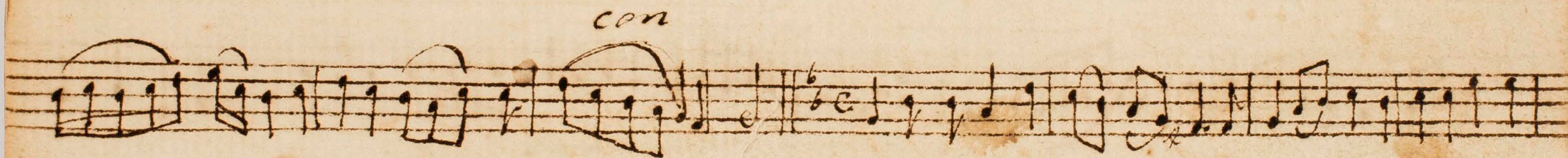
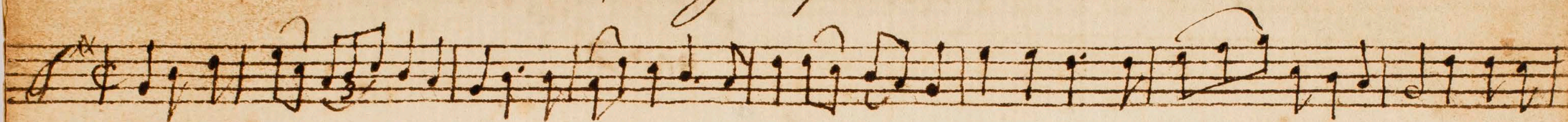


thread I must divide My name is Death I'll stop thy breath From  
my arrest thou canst not hide



# Friendship

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*con*



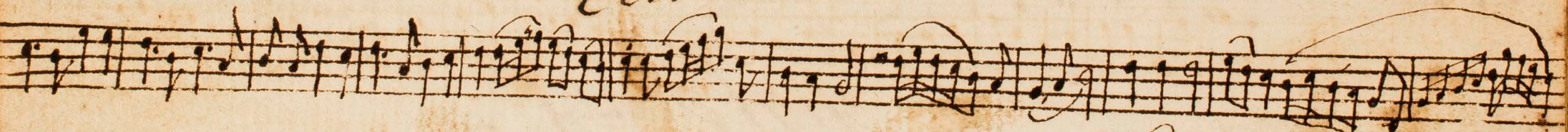
*con*



*con*



*con*



*Land joy Love and joy*



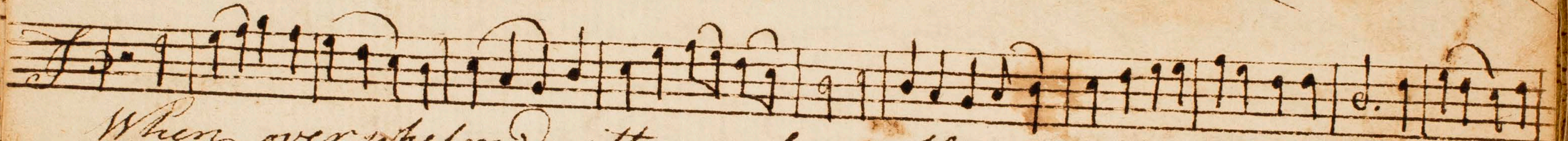
Love and joy were once ally'd and must be join'd again never let our Hearts  
divide nor Death dissolve y<sup>e</sup> Chain for Love and joy were once ally'd and must be join'd  
again



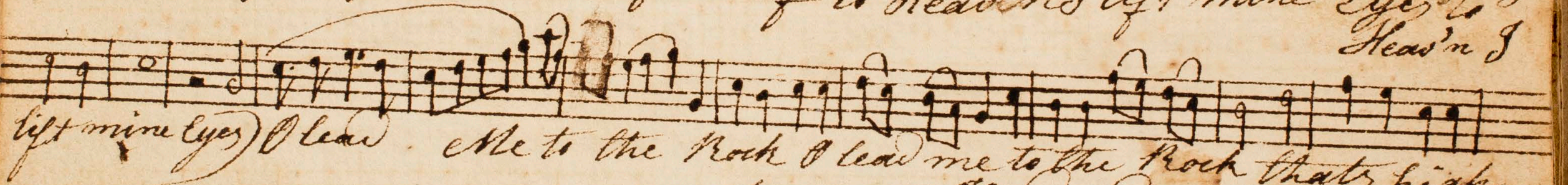
Friendship thou charmer of the Mine thou sweet Deluding ill the bright  
happiest minutes Mortals find and sharpest Hours we feel Fate  
has divided all our Shares of ~~Share~~ Pleasures and of  
Pain of Pleasure!! Pleasure Pleasure Pleasure and of Pain  
Fate has divided all our Shares of Pleasure and of Pain in  
Love the Comforts and y<sup>e</sup> Cares are mix'd and join'd  
again are mix'd and join'd again But whilst  
in Floods our Sorrows rolls and Drops of Joy are few this dear  
Delight of mingling Souls serves but to swell our Woe this  
dear Delight of mingling Souls serves but to swell our woe Oh why  
should Bliss depart in haste and Friendship stay to mourn why y<sup>e</sup> fond Passion clings so  
fast when every joy every joy every joy is gone why y<sup>e</sup> fond Passion clings so fast when every  
joy is gone yet never let our Hearts divide nor Death dissolve y<sup>e</sup> Chain nor Death  
dissolve y<sup>e</sup> Chain for Love and joy were once ally'd and must be join'd again Love and joy Love



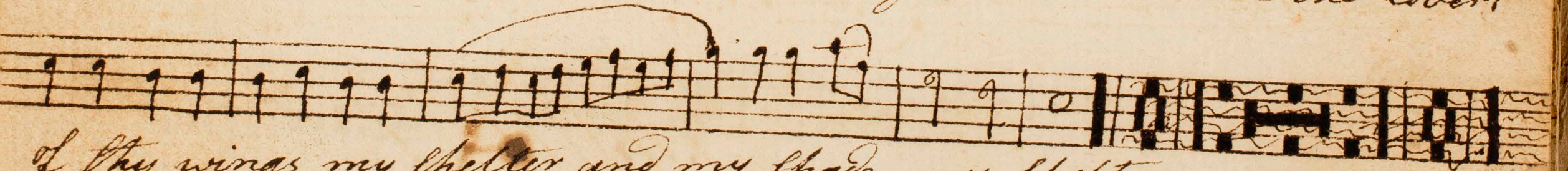
# Nechias



When overwhelmed with grief my Heart within me Dies helpless  
and far from all relief to Heaven I lift mine Eyes to  
Heav'n I



lift mine Eyes O lead me to the Rock O lead me to the Rock that's high  
above my Head and make the covert



of thy wings my shelter and my shade my shelter  
and my shade



# Bristol

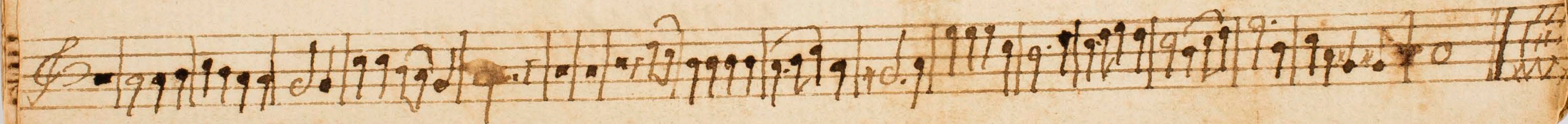


thy love

wide as the world is thy Command vast as eternity - when rolling years  
shall cease to move

firm as a Rock & when rolling years &

Mendon C. M. 34 Hymn 2<sup>d</sup> Book

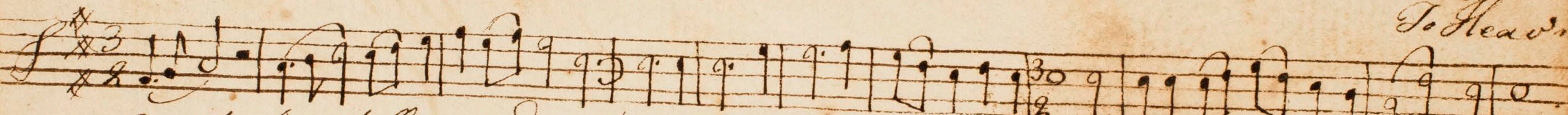




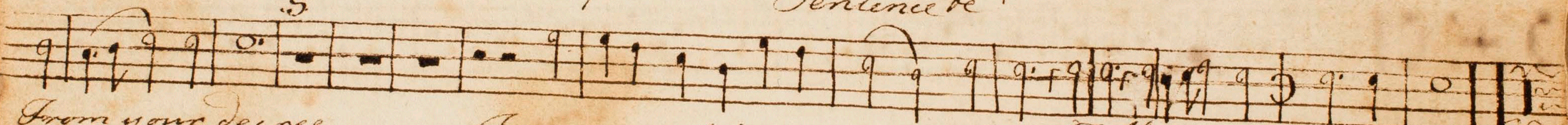
# Berrick



To Heaven



Speak Speak O ye judges of the Earth / if just if just if just your / For may not innocence appeal  
Sentence be



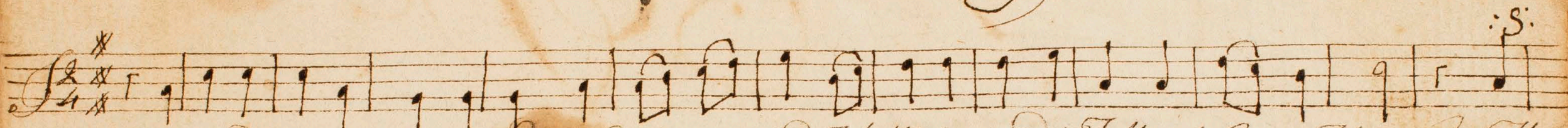
From your decree

For may not innocence appeal To Heaven appeal To Heaven from  
To Heaven, your decree

# Bridgewater



# Jewkesbury



I am tired with Visits Modes and Forms And Flatteries paid to Fellow Worms; Their 2 Their  
Conversation & cloy.



vain Amours and empty Stuff: But I can never enjoy enough of thy dear company  
my Lord then Life of all my joys

# Land



God of my <sup>life</sup> look gently down  
Behold the pains of feet

But I am dumb before thy throne  
Nor dare dispute thy will



# Stratfield



Thro evry age eternal God Thou art our rest our safe abode High was thy



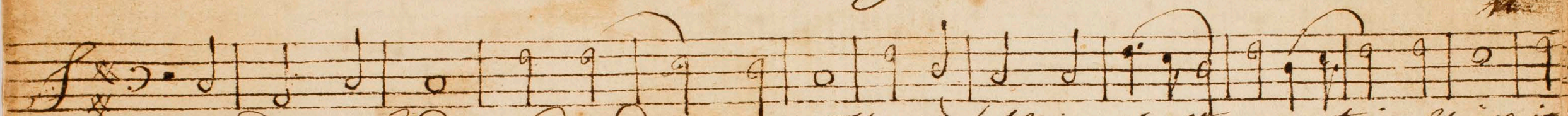
ere heav'n was made High was &c

Or earth thy humble  
foot stool laid Or earth &c



# Ode on Musick

Wake

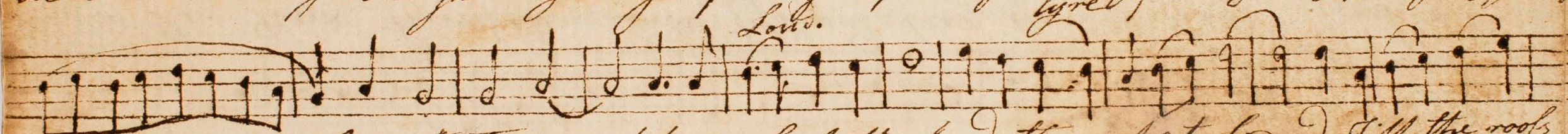


Descend ye kind descend and sing The breathing instrument in spire in

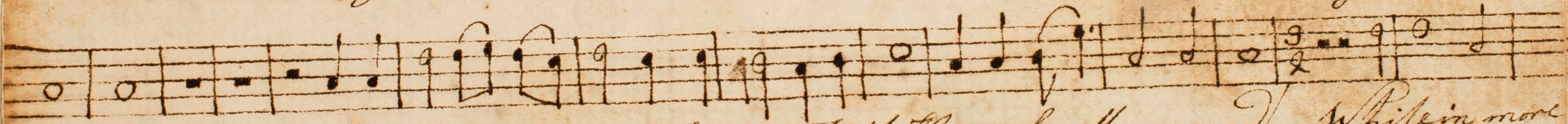
Let the



into voice each silent string And sweep and sweep The founding Lyre In a sadly pleasing strain



warb — ling tute complain Let the loud trumpet sound Till the roofs all a round The shrill echo



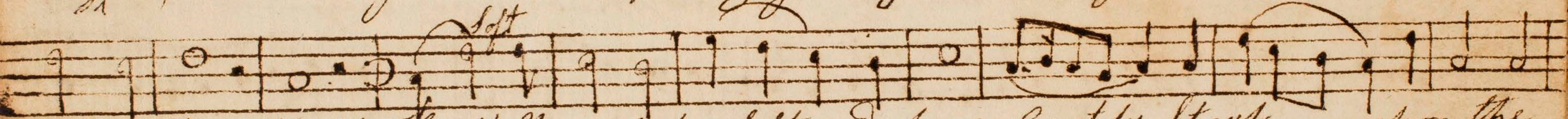
re bound Let the loud trumpet sound Till the roofs all a round While in more  
The shrill echo  
rebound



*majestick solemn*



*lengthen notes and flow The deep*



*organs flow Hark! Hark! the numbers soft and clear Gent ly steal upon the*



*ear Now low er and yet low er rise And fill with spr — Ead ing sound, the skies*



*Exulting Exulting in triumph — now fe — — — — — all now fo — — — — — all*







# Southwell

And meekly bow his

Tis finish'd tis finish'd tis finish'd tis finish'd the Redeemer said

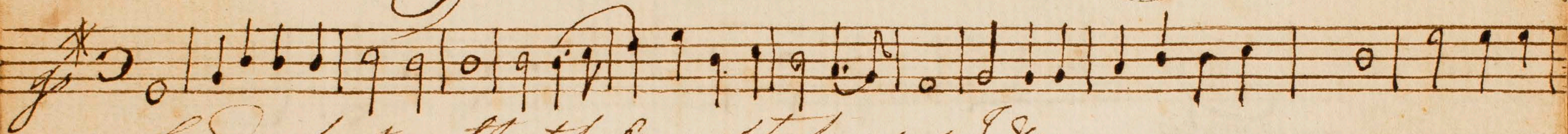
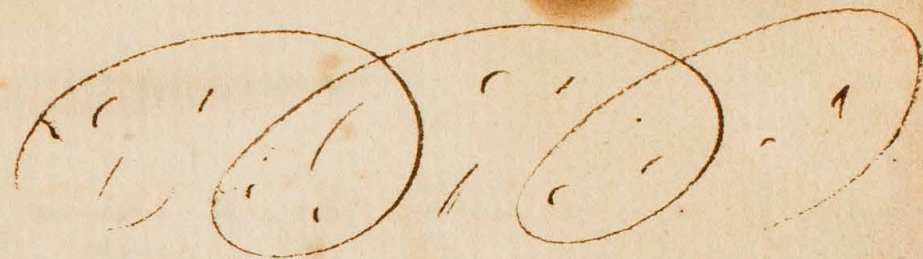
lying head while we the sentence come sinners and observe the words behold  
 the conquest of the Lord

pleat for sinful man compleat compleat compleat compleat compleat for sinful  
 man

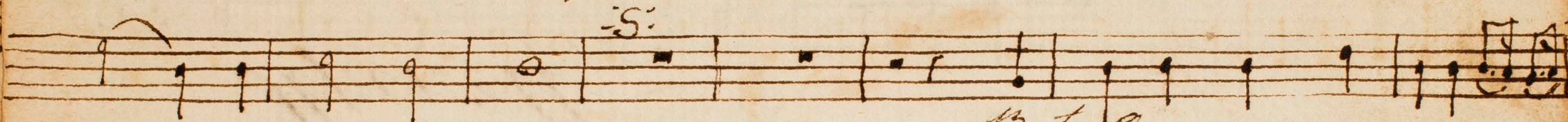
compleat for sinful man compleat for sinful compleat compleat for  
 man compleat for sinful man sinful man



# Greenwich



Lord what a thoughtless wretch was I &c



But O



# Winckham

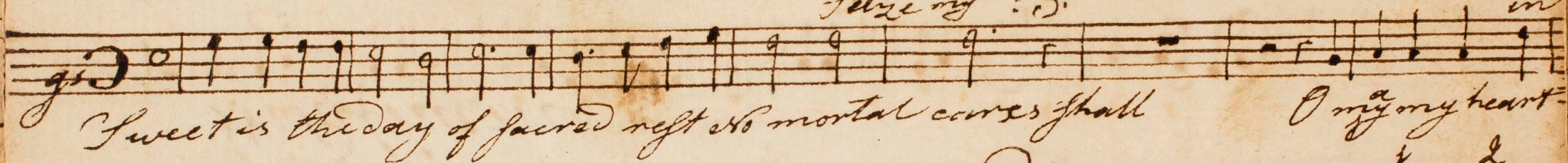


Broad is the Road that Leads to Death } But wisdom shows a narrow path  
and Thousands walk together there } With few and there are a brave few



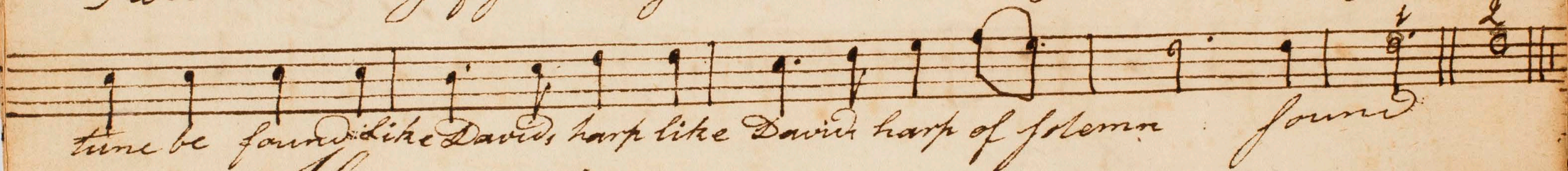
# Devotion

breast.  
Sings my S.



Sweet is the day of sacred rest no mortal cares shall

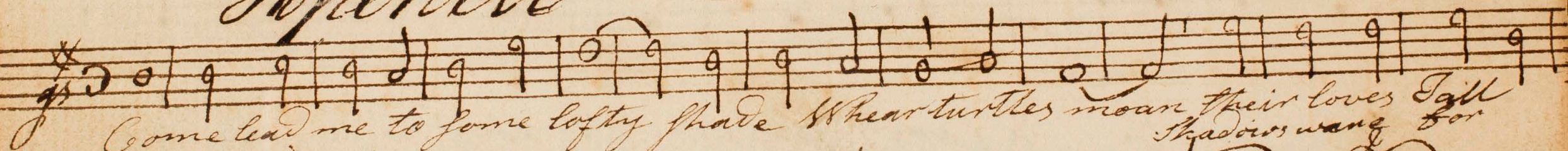
O my my heart



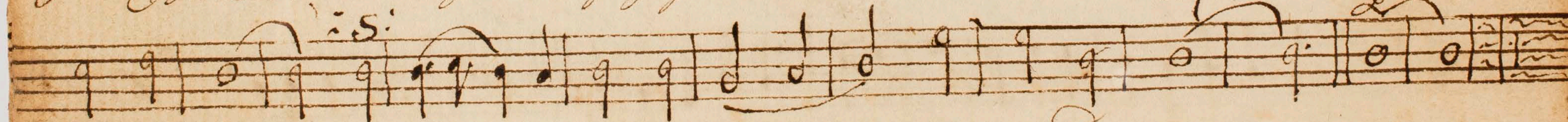
tune be found like David's harp like David's harp of solemn

found

# Spencer



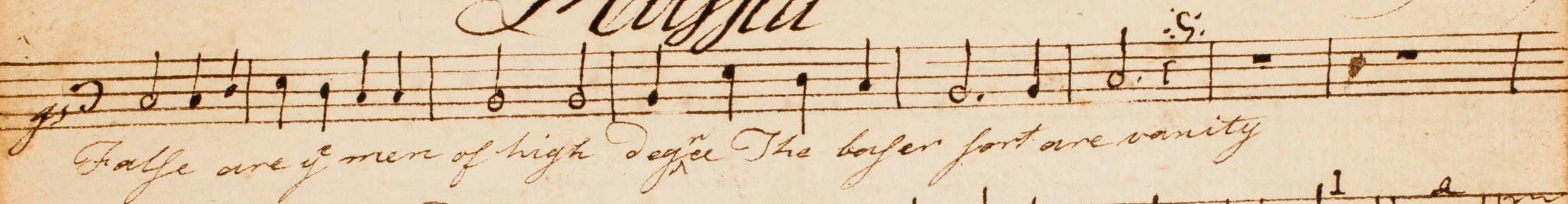
Come lead me to some lofty shade & hear turtles mean their loves I'll  
shadows wane for



lovers made And grief becomes the groves and grief becomes the groves



# Prussia

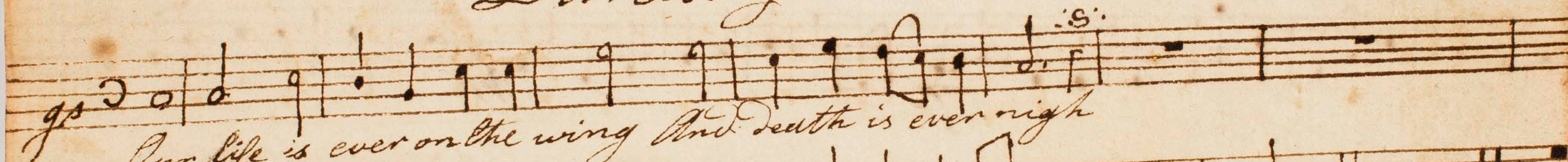


False are ye men of high degree The baser sort are vanity



Laid in the balance both appear Light as a puff of empty air

# Danbury



Our life is ever on the wing And death is ever nigh



The moment when our lives begin We all begin to Die



# Ascension

To af



jesus our triumphant head Rises victorious from the dead To the realms of glory gone



and his right full throne Cherubs on the conquer gaze Seraphs glow with brighter blaze Each bright  
order of the sky



Hail him hail him hail him as he passes hail him as he passes by Saints the glorious



triumph meet See their garments at his feet By his scars his toils are  
view and his garments roll in blood

Heaven's



Opens wide her golden gates

regions ring

King congratulates

Angels songs of victory bring All the blissful

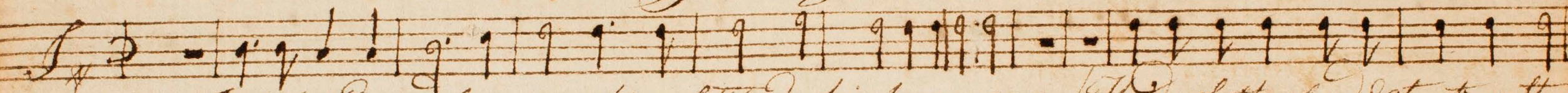
All the blissful All the blissful regions ring Sinners join the heavenly powers For redemption all

our None but burdened sinners prove Blood bought pardon dying love Hail thou

Dear thou worthy Lord Holy Lamb incarnate Word Hail thou suffering son of God Take the trophies of thy blood



# The Heavenly Vision An Anthem.



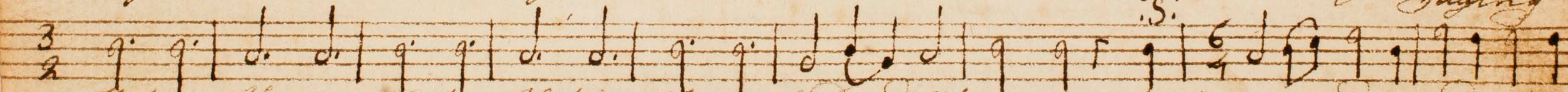
I beheld and lo a great multitude which no man could number / Thousands of thousands & ten times thou-



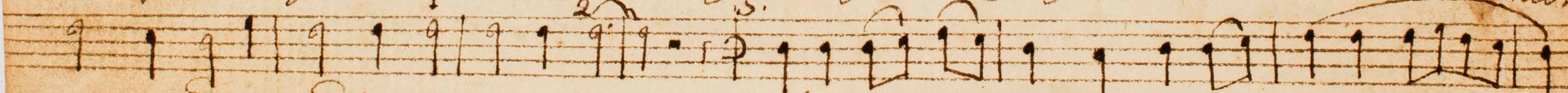
sands, Thousands of thousands and ten times thousands / Thousands of thousands and ten times thousands,



stood before the Lamb and they had palms in their hands & they cease not day nor night saying



Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty which was and is and is to come which



was and is and is to come

And I heard a mighty angel fl

f



voice  
ing thro the midst of heav'n crying with a loud *Wo Wo Wo*

be up to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is yet to sound the

great men and nobles rich men and poor bond & free gathered themselves to gether and  
cried

to the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hid them from the face of him that  
sitteth on the throne the

of great day of his wrath is come and  
who shall be able to stand and who shall be able to stand



Arthem.



then the whole multitude began to rejoice and praise God with loud voices



for all the mighty mighty mighty work they had seen saying that cometh in the <sup>name</sup> of the

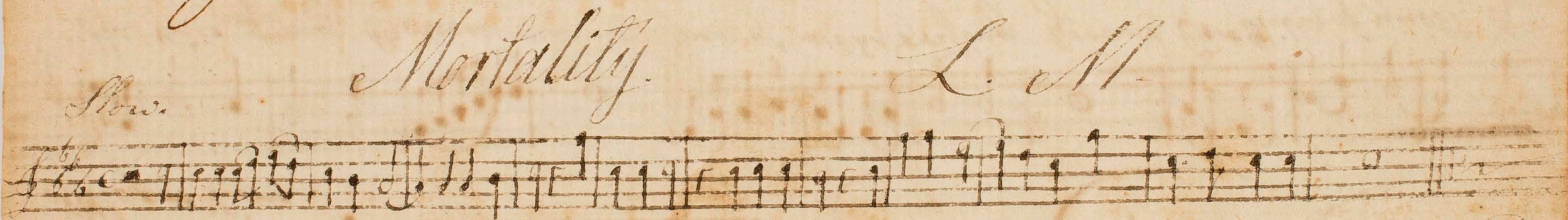
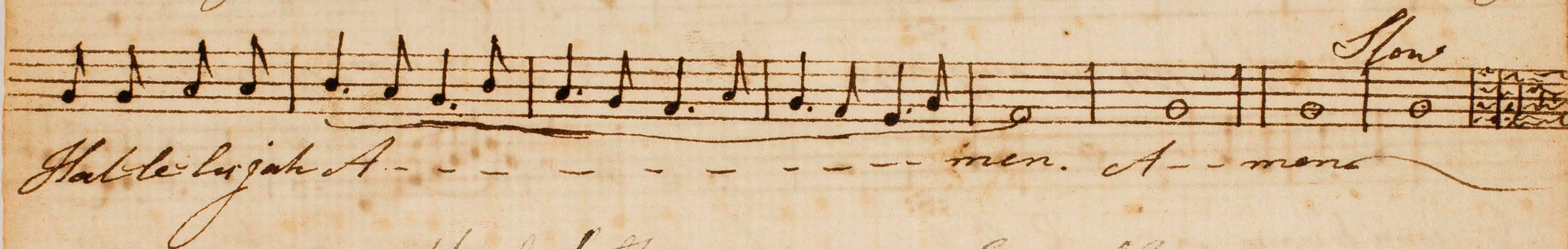
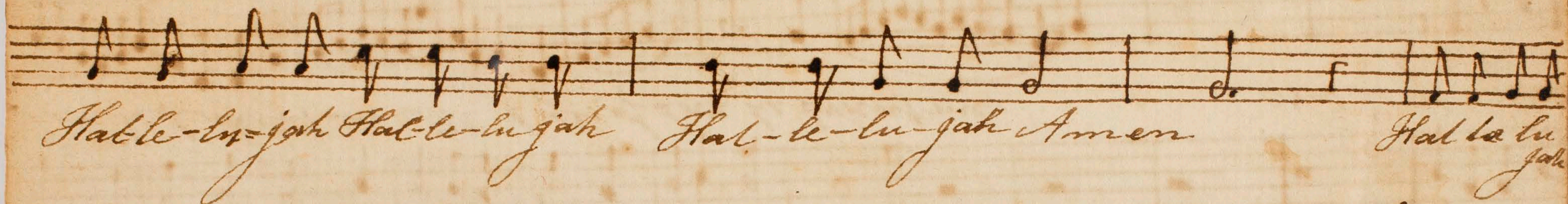


of the Lord Hefanna Hefanna Thou King of glory Thou King of



glory peace peace in Heaven, Glory Glory Glory in the highest



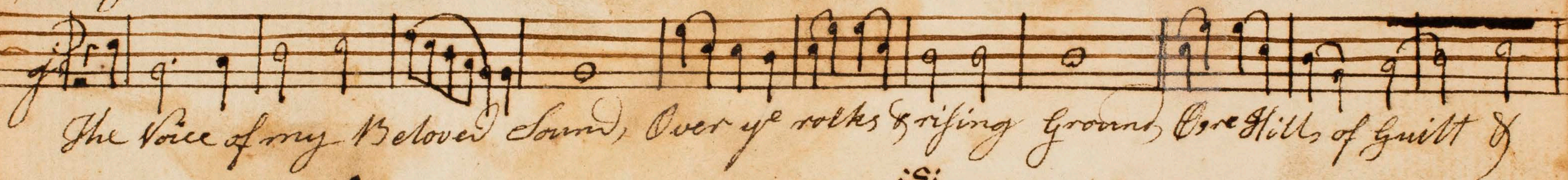


Death like an overflowing stream sweeps us away our lives a dream  
An empty tale a morning flower cut down and withered in an hour



# Appearance

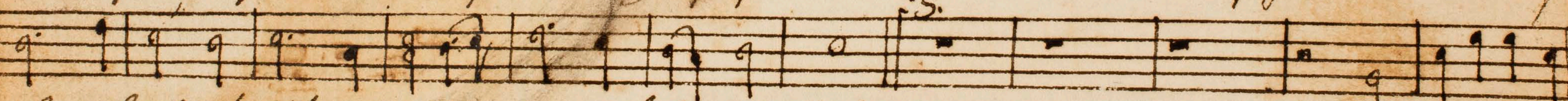
*Allegro time.*



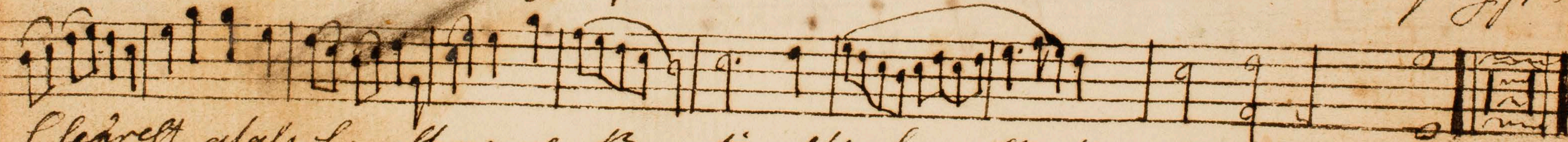
The voice of my Beloved sound, Over ye rocks & rising Grounds, O'er Hills of Guilt &



Seas of Grief he Leaps he flies to my relief Now thro the Veil of flesh I see with Eyes



Love he Looks at me with Eyes of Love he look at me Now in ye Gospel



Clearer glass he shows ye Beauties of his face the Beauties, the Beauties of his face



# Ballad



Behold I fall before thy face  
My only refuge is thy grace  
No outward forms can make me clean  
The leprosy lies deep within

No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast  
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling fire  
Nor running brook nor flood nor sea  
Can wash the dismal stain away



# All Saints



Oh! if my Lord would come and meet  
My soul should stretch her wing in haste  
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate  
Nor feel the terrors as she passes

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are  
While on his breast I lean my  
And breathe my life out <sup>here</sup>  
sweetly there





*O shepherds now your fears resign I come not armed with wrath divine  
But fraught with heavenly love*



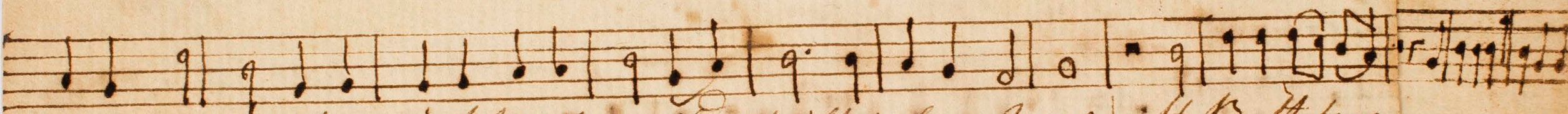
*The news the welcome news I bring Sound high on every sacred  
string thro all the realms above) I*



*come & his ablest employ I come the messenger of joy Earth is no  
go publish what I sing more a ~~far~~  
fort*



# All Saints



scene forlorn This night of promise Christ is born Your | At Bethlehem  
Saviour and your King in a



manger lies the swaddled babe let raptures rise round  
this terrestrial ball

The raptures rising be  
es  
flows on



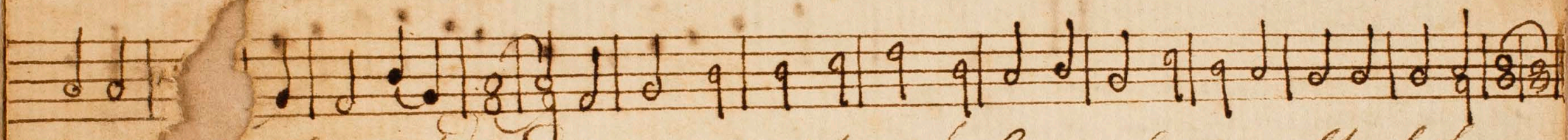
catch from heart to heart from heart to heart Still all shall feel  
yet all impart for Christ  
was born for all

learn my  
heart  
out  
thy then





glory to God in strains till now unknown by every glowing  
Seraph round y<sup>e</sup> throne Peace to this



can all worlds admire the plan of heavns free vast of heavns  
free vast of heavns free vast

benevolence

benevolence to man.

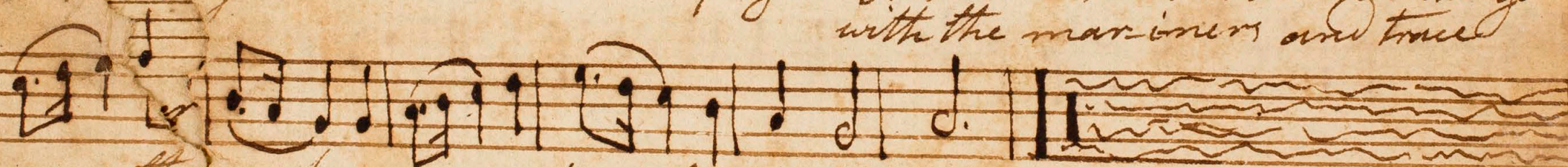


III Saints

# Kingsbridge



When you behold the works of God His wonders in the world abroad go  
with the mariners and trace



the unknown regions of the seas

# Winter



His heavy Frost his fleecy Snow  
Dress'd and clothed the ground

The liquid Streams forbore to flow  
In icy Fetters bound



Give me a ~~copy~~ <sup>copy</sup> of the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Ground

In my Fetters ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup>





So  
Bo  
Sus  
PER  
Bridge  
Ma  
1786-